

It was not intended that the questions under consideration should be answered. No answer is possible, to those who rightly understand them.

Notwithstanding there are multitudes who are bartering their future heritage for worldly baubles just like Esau sold his birthright.

His sad history is being repeated many millions of times by men and women of this age. The parable of the "great supper" furnishes illustrations of the processes by which it is done. Some exchanges the soul for piece of land, some for oxen, some for the sake of their wives and families.

I will close by asking my unconverted readers what they are getting in exchange for their soul?

Is it the fleeting poisoned pleasures of fleshly lusts; or is it the pursuit of riches which take to themselves wings and fly away, or is it the bursting bubble of worldly glory, or is it the pomp and show of fashions vapid, silly fancies, or is it that moral cowardice that hinder your giving up vain worldly associates and coming to the Lord's people, or dear reader what is the price at which you are exchanging your soul.

These remarks will apply, in a measure to many who have made professions of religion, for as it was in St. Paul's time, there are many who so walk as the enemies of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Let us all look well to the ways in which we are going and note whether or not the momentous questions have not very great significance for us, lest haply while we preach to others we become cast away.

May grace be given us all to walk so as we have our Lord for an example.

WEEDS.

We need a righteous indignation against weeds on the farm and against weeds in our lives. Sometimes among Christians there is more sympathy for the weed than for the hoe. They criticise the preacher more than the evils he seeks to exterminate.—Ex.

The man who quarrels with his lot in life helps the devil to make him miserable.

Sisters' Department.

THE HOUSE FOUNDED ON A ROCK.

SELECTED BY MRS. Z. H. COPP.

And the rain descended, and the floods came, and beat upon that house, and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock. Matt. vii, 25.

High on a rock, the wise man marks his plan,

Its deep foundations closely he would scan;

Though gently zephyrs breathe through summer skies,

He knows that storms wide-wasting may arise;

On solid base his building rises fair, And points its turrets through the ambient air.

With tranquil joy, his eyes delighted, greet

The beauteous fabric furnished and complete;

In conscious safety makes it his abode,

His duty done, he leaves the rest with God.

But soon dark clouds overspread the troubled skies,

And soon is heard the voice of tempest high;

Deep rolls the thunder, rains in torrents pour,

And floods tumultuous beat with deafening roar.

Floods, rain, nor thunder, nor rude tempest's shock,

Can harm the house—'tis founded on a rock.

Not so the simpleton who built on sand,

And wrought his labor with penurious hand;

'Midst howling tempests, and loud thunder's roar,

His house—it vanished, and was seen no more.

A wise man desiring to build a house for himself and family sees many pleasant and romantic lots; he is tempted to choose a delightful situation, but he remembers that the country is often visited with violent storms, that hurricanes are frequent and that the rivers frequently overflow their banks, and sweep away bridges, houses, cattle, and inhabitants, altogether. This makes him cautious; he sacrifices what

is merely ornamental for what is useful and essential.

He fixes upon a rock for the site of his mansion. He builds in such a manner that his house looks like a part of the rock itself, it is so imbedded within its shelvings. When all is snug and complete, he enters his new dwelling, thankful that he has been enabled to finish it. In a little while, one of those storms come on so common to the country; the rains descent, the winds blow, the flood beat against the house, but it stands unmoved. All night the tempest lasts; at length morning comes; the son of wisdom opens the door and goes forth, like Noah when he left the ark after the waters of the deluge had abated. He looks around; all is desolation except his own house. At a little distance from him he discovers some of the fragments of his neighbor's house. The foolish man had studied only ease and present convenience; he chose a showy place, but the foundation was sandy. The hurricane swept them all away together.

The house on the rock and its builder is an emblem of the man who hears the word of God and keeps it. He makes the word of God a ladder by which he climbs to heaven. Beginning at repentance, he goes on to faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, then to holiness; thus he mounts from faith to faith, till finally he reaches glory. Observe, it is not the person who hears, or understands, or remembers, or believes, merely, the word of God; but the doer; that is, the prudent or wise man. He fastens on the Rock of Ages; Christ is his foundation, where, in obedience to the word, he has fled for refuge; hence he is protected against all the storms of earth and hell.

"To obey is better than sacrifice, to harken than the fat of rams." The word of God is compared to seed, which, if received in good ground, beareth much fruit. As the seed requires that the ground should be prepared, watered, weeded, etc., so the word requires that it should be received with attention and nourished by meditation, much prayer, and faith. No one can enter the kingdom of heaven unless he is a disciple of Christ; but he is not a disciple unless he bringeth